

Happy Birthday, Phoebe

by CyberPagan

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Summary: Phoebe's power is stolen by a demon who appears as someone his victim trusts.

Happy Birthday, Phoebe

Subj: **Charmed Story*****

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> Happy Birthday, Phoebe

> by J. Paulsen-Sacks

> In the time of the Civil War...
 _

> <p><p>

_ Serena McPellan lite some candles on her Witches' alter, casting a spell. There was a knock at the door. She quickly put away the Book of Shadows, her candles, and her alter._

> She answered the door. There stood her husband, Liam. He was back from work. He knew she was a Witch. She didn't need to hide anything from him.
 Suddenly, he pounced on her. But she froze him. She was surprised that her beloved husband had attacked her.

> She took out the Book of Shadows and the pages turned themselves to the demon section. She read "Rakshasa", but before she could read any more, Liam unfroze. His once-kind face turned wicked. He was surely a demon.
 He was on top of her. The fall had knocked the life out of her. He put his hand on her and a spark of light floated out and went inside the demon's hand.

>
 In the 1960s...

> Yvonne Halliwell entered the house. She was told a party had been planed for her 30th birthday, which was today.
 But when she came in, she saw no party decorations. Only her mother. "Where's the party?" asked Yvonne.

> Mother knocked Yvonne onto the floor. Yvonne sent Mother flying into the air. But that did not stop her. Mother slammed Yvonne against the wall and Yvonne became unconscious. She put her hand on Yvonne's chest and a spark of light decayed into Mother's skin.

> In the present...

> Phoebe woke up from her dreams. She wondered if it was a premonition or not. She looked at the clock. 12:33. It was officially her 30th birthday now. Normally, she would have been extremely excited and have bugged Prue and Piper and all her friends at college into getting her great gifts, but not this year. She was grateful that she'd lived to see this day. She'd faced so many demons and warlocks and was surprised she was still alive after all the risk.
 She went back to sleep.

> That morning, Piper prepared a special birthday breakfast for Phoebe. She and Prue both had thoughtful gifts for her.
 Phoebe came down. "Happy birthday!" said Prue as Piper put Phoebe's favorite breakfast food-three cheese omelets-onto plates.

> "Thanks!" said Phoebe. "Oh, Piper. These omelets look so good."
 "I made them special," said Piper. "They were always your favorite breakfast dish. Can't say they were easy to make, though."

> They ate and chatted nicely until suddenly Phoebe cried out in pain.
 "What is it, Pheebs? Are you choking?" asked Prue.

> "No, I'm not choking," said Phoebe. "Oh, I feel better now."
 "What happened?" asked Piper.

> "I don't know," said Phoebe. "I just felt so sick for a second. And now I feel fine."
 "Are you sure?" asked Prue. "Maybe you should see a doctor."

> "No, it's okay" said Phoebe. "But I would like to check the Book of Shadows. Something tells me it's a Witch thing."
 "Well, that something's usually right," said Piper. "I'll go with you."

> They went upstairs and the Book of Shadows turned its pages to a certain place. It read:
 _"Dear Phoebe,

> This is your great uncle, Llewelyn. I am one of the only male Witches in the family. I have cast a spell so that you will lose your power on your 30th birthday. But please understand why.
 There is a type of demon called Rakshasa. After their leader was killed by the God Vishnu, they lost all their powers. They dedicated themselves to stealing the powers of good Witches. They can only take a power after it has been used against them and it can only be stolen from Witches who are 30 or older. The only problem is Rakshasa never look like demons. They appear as the person the victim feels closest to. If you had a vision about him, and if you're 30 or older, he can get your power.

> I possess the power of premonition. I foresaw a Rakshasa stealing your power. If he does that, he will become invincible. He killed two of our ancestors, Serena and Yvonne. Serena could freeze and Yvonne was telekinetic. He already has those powers. It is always hardest to attack a clairvoyant Witch like you and me because we can see the demon coming.
 If the spell worked, and it probably did, it was hidden in a bottle in the attack. In the bottle is a wine made from rosemary, an herb for psychic awareness. Drink it and you shall get your power back. But don't drink it on the day of your 30th birthday, the date of the vision____.

> Love,
 Llwelyn

> "Okay," said Phoebe. "So all I have to do is drink the wine in that bottle and I'll get my powers back."

> She and Piper tore the house apart, but could find no bottles.
 "Let's try scrying," said Piper.

> "No, it's got to be somewhere in the house," said Phoebe.
 "We've looked everywhere, Phoebe."

> Prue came in the room.
 "Prue, have you seen a bottle of rosemary wine?"

> "No, sorry," said Prue. "Why?"
 She told Prue all about her

uncle Llwelyn and his spell.

> "Well, I haven't seen it. Hope you find it."
 "Thanks."

> Prue went upstairs. She hid in the shower. Suddenly her fingernails turned into claws. Her teeth became fangs.
 She had become a Rakshasa. "That was close!" he said, making a bottle materialize. He disappeared.

> The real Prue came into the room and saw Piper and Phoebe rummaging through the wine cabinet.
 "What are you guys looking for?" she asked.

> "The Great Wall of China," said Phoebe sarcastically. "The bottle, of course!"
 "What bottle?" asked Prue.

> "We just told you," said Piper.
 "Actually you didn't," said Prue. "I have no idea what you're talking about."

> "Then who did we just tell?" said Piper.
 "The Rakshasa was in the house!" exclaimed Phoebe.

> "What's the Rakshasa?" asked Prue.
 Phoebe explained everything.

> "This must mean he can take my power!" said Phoebe.
 "Phoebe, you may be thirty as of today," said Piper. "But you haven't used your power against him."

> "Yes, I did," said Phoebe. "I had a psychic dream of him taking Yvonne and Serena's powers."
 "Then if he drinks that stuff..." started Piper.

> "He'll become invincible!" finished Prue.
 "Which is bad," said Phoebe.

> "But we don't even know if he has it," said Piper.
 "If he was just in our house and is now gone, he probably does," said Prue.

> Phoebe ran up to the Book of Shadows, looking for answers.
 She came down with a mirror, a crystal on a string, and a map.

> "What's all that for?" asked Prue.
 "Well, we're going to scry for the demon," said Phoebe. "And I read that if a Rakshasa sees his reflection, his disguise vanishes."

> "How do we kill him?" asked Prue.
 "We need an arrow blessed by a Brahman, a Hindu priest," said Phoebe.

> "Can't we bless it ourselves?" asked Piper.
 "We could," said Phoebe. "But it's a very complicated ceremony. Plus, we'll need a genuine Rakshasa penis. None of you would have one, would you?"

> They shook their heads.
 "Didn't think so," said Phoebe. "But there's a Hindu temple about six miles from here. Maybe the Brahman has an arrow."

> "I'll go and get it," said Prue. "You two, find the demon."
 Prue got in the car and drove to the temple. She went inside and saw a Brahman performing Yoga. He didn't seem to notice her.

> "Um, excuse me," said Prue. "Are you Brahman Kaesa?"
 "Yes, how may I help you?" said Brahman Kaesa.

> "I need to vanquish a Rakshasa."
 "Ah, them. One moment, please." He got up and came back with an arrow.

> "Thank you." Prue reached for the arrow, but Brahman Kaesa moved it away from her hand.
 "I don't give my arrows to just anybody. I only give them to those willing to use them for good. Those unworthy could use them for evil."

> "Brahman Kaesa, I'm a Witch. I need that arrow to stop a Rakshasa."
 She levitated a chair as proof.

> "I believe you. Very well, you may have the arrow." He handed it to her. "But be careful. He will appear as someone you love dearly, but do not trust him."
 "Is it true that mirrors can break his disguise?"

> "It's true. But once he can no longer see his reflection, the disguise appears again. The arrow must be shot directly at the center of his eye. If not, he will die, but will be resurrected within

years. And he will still have the powers he took from other Witches. The eye is the most vulnerable part of him. If hit right at the middle, he will be destroyed forever."
 "My power shouldn't hurt."

> "You're right. It will assist you in your quest."
 Prue left the temple and came home.

> "Got the arrow," she said. Piper was sitting there scrying for the demon. "Where's Pheeb?"
 "She's in the attic, working on a spell to get her power back."

> "But it won't work. The power is trapped inside the wine. Will it?"
 "It's worth a try. We hardly know what we're dealing with. Wait-the wine!"

> "What about it?"
 "What if the demon already drank the wine?"

> "Then we're screwed. But, we can still kill the demon. And if Phoebe has to stop being a Witch to save the world, she may just have to go through life as a normal human being."
 "She'll hate that!"

> "I know. But maybe there'll be a way to make her a Witch again."
 "And if not..."

> "If not, she'll just have to move on.
 "So, what did you get her?"

> "I got her a new stereo. You know how the one in her room is really old. You?"
 "A day at the Namaste Spa. Massages, Jacuzzis, shirtless guys. Thought she'd like it."

> "Good idea."
 "Ooh! I found him!"

> Phoebe came running down. "Guys, the spell didn't work. Which must mean the Rakshasa already has my power."
 "Uh oh," said Prue. "That's not good."

> "Damn right, it's not good," said Phoebe. "Did you find the demon, Piper?"
 "Yeah."

> "Arrow?" asked Phoebe.
 "Check," said Prue.

> "Then let's go."
 They drove over to where the crystal lead them-the Hindu temple. There was the Rakshasa. Brahman Kaesa lay dead on the floor. The Rakshasa tried to freeze them, but forgot that Witches never froze.

> Prue sent the Rakshasa flying until he crashed into the wall. Suddenly, Patti Halliwell appeared.
 "My darlings, please don't kill me," she said. "I love you all."

> Phoebe held up her mirror and Patti screamed as she changed into the Rakshasa.
 "It doesn't matter," said the demon. "If you kill me, you'll never get your power back, Phoebe. I've already drank the wine!"

> Piper froze the demon. "Do you think he's telling the truth?"
 "I don't know," said Prue. "He might be bluffing to save himself."

> "Prue, he's battled Witches before. He knows what we'll do. Find some way to get my power back, kill him, and forget it all."
 "Okay, think. When Tiawatha took our powers, we got them back after she was killed," said Prue.

> "But that was Tiawatha. This is a Rakshasa," said Phoebe. "They're different."
 "I have an idea," said Piper. "Remember when Gail took our powers with that potion? Well, it worked on Cryto. Prue, astral project and get the spell from the Book of Shadows."

> "It'll take too long to make the potion," said Prue. "Besides, I don't know if I'll be able to transport it with me."
 "Just try," said Phoebe. "And Piper will just keep freezing him until you're done."

> Prue astral projected and found the spell. She brewed up the potion and poured it into a recycle bottle that was lying around. She

slipped it in her pocket and projected back.
 "Do you have it?" asked Phoebe.

> "Yup. How many times did you have to freeze him?"
 "Oh, about twenty," said Piper.

> "Twenty?" said Prue.
 "Just give it to him!" said Piper.

> Prue opened the Rakshasa's mouth and poured in the potion while Phoebe chanted:

_"Power of the Witch rise

> Course unknown across the skies.
 Come to me who calls you near

> Come to me and settle here."
 _

A spark of light floated out of the Rakshasa and melted into Phoebe. The Rakshasa unfroze. Prue moved the arrow into his eye and he exploded.

> Back at home, Piper prepared a special birthday dinner for Phoebe.
 "I never thought I'd have a birthday like that!" said Phoebe.

> "Well, at least we survived it," said Prue.
 "Listen, it's okay if you guys didn't do anything," said Phoebe. "Being a Witch has taught me a thing or two about what's really important. Life. Just the fact that I've saved hundreds of lives and drove darkness out the world is enough of a present for me."

> "I'm glad you feel that way," said Piper. "But we still got you stuff."
 "Stuff is still good," said Phoebe.

> Prue first presented her gift. Phoebe touched it and had a premonition. "You got me a stereo, didn't you!"
 "Maybe," said Prue. Phoebe opened it and exclaimed, "Oh, it's wonderful! Thank you!"

> "Now check out my present," said Piper.
 "A free day at Namaste Spa! Piper, thank you so much!" said Phoebe.

> "And we're going with you!" said Piper.
 "If you don't mind your sisters checking out the shirtless guys with you!" said Prue.

> "And I've arranged for a party tomorrow," said Piper.
 "You guys are the best!" said Phoebe.

> "Happy birthday, Phoebe!" said Prue.

>

End
file.